VOL. 2, NO. 24 : OCT. 4, 1934 : TEN CENTS

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Editor's Quill

OUR readers may wonder why the CRIER is giving so much space to economic problems. The answer, which should be apparent to all, is that economic security is the paramount interest today, together with the means of obtaining it—money.

That there are defects inherent in our economic system needs no stating, for they are evident on all sides of us. The Administration has pledged itself to attempt to correct the abuses that have crept into our economic system and so to prevent any more disastrous depressions. In that aim we believe that every citizen should lend a hand both in moral support and in actual deeds. That the Administration may not have found the solution yet is no cause for dissatisfaction, for many of our best minds have heretofore attempted—albeit in a rather half-hearted way—to find this elusive solution.

It behooves every one of us to become even more interested in economic problems and to study them closely, for the solution lies in the system itself. In addition to the Administration's attempts, there have been proposed many other possible solutions, such as the EPIC plan, the Utopian Society, the Townsend pension plan, social insurance, and Social Credit—or, as it is generally known, the New Economics.

For those who have made a study of the latter plan, there seems to be no other satisfactory solution that is at once sound, sane, and sure. We make no bones about urging all citizens to follow the articles on Social Credit, now running in the CRIER, and then to pursue the subject further by reading that most entertaining and complete exposition of Social Credit and its raison d'etre by Maurice Colbourne, English actor and associate of Major C. H. Douglas, "Economic Nationalism," which can be obtained at the Carmel Library. We cannot conceive of anyone's having read "Economic Nationalism" and then not being fully acquainted with the economic problem and its solution.

May we urge again that this subject be given full and careful study and that all other solutions be viewed in the light of the knowledge that Major Douglas has presented. We invite your comments and criticisms of Social Credit for a frank discussion of the subject will assist all of us to bring out its good and bad (if any) points and so keep us informed.

Due to the forthcoming Art Number of the CRIER and the approaching editorship of W. K. Bassett, more of the Social Credit articles appear in this issue than is usual. This arrangement may help our readers to follow the subject more thoroughly than week by week.

—E. A. H. W.

THOUGHT must be given by Carmelites to the relief problems that are before us. Aid is being offered through the SERA but such aid must be intelligently used and accomplish the greatest good, not only to the ones seeking relief, but in the work performed by the workers.

It is being reported that proper consideration is not being given to the efficiency of those assigned to particular work, which not only impairs the value of the work done, but tends to lower the general morale of those receiving the relief.

This should not be so, and it behooves those in charge of the assignments to make sure that the worker is the most efficient of the applicants for the particular job to which he or she is being assigned.

Work done under State and Federal funds, in an inefficient manner, not only nullifies the work done by necessitating a redoing of the work later, but is an absolutely needless waste of money designed for a lofty purpose.

Carmelites should help those in charge of the SERA assignments and back them up with frank criticism and helpful suggestions, so that the work done through this humanitarian fund may stand as a monument to the hope and vision of those who made it possible.

—E. A. H. W.

IT is a fortunate circumstance for the people at large, in this period of stress and uncertainty, that diversions are afforded and enjoyed. People must and will have surcease from their troubles, be they what they may.

Many cognizant of and themselves victims of the financial stringency, are critical of the large attendance at sporting attractions. They argue that if people are so short of ready cash, why do they spend their money for tickets to sporting affairs, instead of paying grocery bills.

The critics argue without due consideration of all the facts. They should remember that "Man lives not by bread alone." He should not be constantly assailed by present worries nor thought of what the morrow may bring. He needs diversion to fit him to meet and overcome his diverse problems.

Under the circumstances we should be grateful for Fall football, for World's Series baseball, and for the occasional boxing show and wrestling match.

—W. L. O.

IT is just a little more than thirty years ago that two men with vision, one an experienced real estate man, the other a prominent lawyer, came to a pine-clad slope on a crescent blue bay about 130 miles from San Francisco, and laid out a town site, which they named Carmel-by-the-Sea. These two men were Frank J. Devendorf and Frank H. Powers. The latter has passed away.

In the beginning they projected only a summer resort town where people could come from the congested cities and rest and play among the finest natural surroundings that the world affords. With so much to offer it became something to desire the year round. It was then, especially following the disastrous fire and earthquake in San Francisco, that Carmel became—well, Carmel.

Beginning with laying out roads with horse and buggy—roads that for years were only lines on paper—the growth of population demanding more and more improvements until today the miles of surfaced streets tell the story of what happened to the summer colony.

Now there are nearly a score of licensed brokers' offices in Carmel, and the natural advantages of the region, plus developments such as the Carmel-San Simeon highway, are putting Carmel in the forefront of cultural American communities.

With only so much waterfront on this western slope of our continent, running like a ribbon along the edge of a map, the pressure of the whole inland population sends people to this waterfront regardless of the season of the year. Carmel real estate is in the fortunate position of being excellent security for any per-

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News of the Hamlet

By a decision handed down in the court of Superior Judge Frank E. Dunne, San Francisco, the Bank of California was ordered to pay $5,000 to Elmer Cox of Carmel without further delay.

Cox, through his attorney, J. W. Lenahan of Monterey, maintained that the money was due him under terms of the will of his mother, the late Mrs. Edith Cox of Pebble Beach.

The decision was the result of several months' litigation between Cox and the bank. Under terms of his mother's will Cox was to receive $1,000 monthly. The bank, it was alleged, undertook to pay creditors direct and deduct such payments from his allowance.

❀ ❀

There is a probability that $350,000 Federal money will be allocated for construction of bridges on the Carmel-San Simeon highway. State Senator E. H. Tickle, following receipt of a letter from Charles H. Purcell, state highway engineer, makes the announcement.

The money will be a portion of the $16,000,000 obtained by California in Federal emergency funds. Purcell's letter was in confirmation of predictions made by Chairman Harry Hopkins of the highway commission, who was here last week and made a tour of inspection over the new highway in company with Senator Tickle.

The $350,000 will suffice to complete the project, it was stated, $1,342,500 having been allocated to the project in the present biennium budget.

Commenting upon the difficulties encountered in the project, the letter states that the coast road has involved probably the heaviest excavation system, running as high as 400,000 cubic yards to the mile in some sections and from 150,000 to 200,000 cubic yards per mile for considerable distance.

Steep slopes of badly shattered formation produce a condition of decided instability and call for the greatest ingenuity in location and construction it is pointed out.

The letter states further: "Every effort has been made consistent with construction operations to preserve the scenic values along this coast and when completed this highway should furnish one of the most spectacular drives to be found in the state."

❀ ❀

Music-lovers will be delighted to learn that the Monterey Peninsula Opera Association is busily engaged in rehearsal of "The Yeoman of the Guard," to be presented from the 8th to the 11th of October, inclusive.

"Patience," put on by the group last year, is still spoken of with pleasure. "The Yeoman of the Guard," another of the Gilbert & Sullivan fine light operas, will furnish fine entertainment.

With Arthur Gundersen as director and a cast of sixty, all working for perfection, the affair should go over in a big way.

❀ ❀

Monterey Union High School's SERA campus project has been completed. The project consisted of completion of the surface on the girls' athletic field, moving hydrants, extension of the athletic field fence, improvement of grounds with walks and planting, and mosquito control in the gulch near the school.

The surface of the girls' field has been smoothed and seeded and a watering system has been installed. The fence around the football field has been extended at both ends.

So that they may be more accessible in case of fire, hydrants have been moved to the west of the academic building. The space between the music building and the gymnasium has been improved by walks, walls and flower beds.

More than 3,000 plants and shrubs have been put out in the school grounds since the improvement work began.

❀ ❀

The opening of the Fall and Winter activities of the Carmel Woman's Club took place last Monday, at the Girl Scout House. A brief business meeting was followed by a special program. The guest artist was Mrs. Carlo S. Morbio of San Francisco, who sang in costume, little groups of dramatic songs. Tea was served after the music. The sections will meet as follows during October:

Garden Section—October 4th, 10 a.m. Home of Mrs. Kent Clark, San Antonio and Ocean. Mr. Clyde Stocking, rose specialist of San Jose, will speak on rose culture and exhibit roses.

October 18th, 10 a.m. Home of Mrs. E. H. Yocum, Mission Street between Ninth and Tenth. Mrs. C. H. Lowell will speak on Fuchsias.

Book Section—October 3rd, 10 a.m. Scout House, Mrs. H. S. Nye will review "Poetry, its Appreciation and Enjoyment" by Louis Untermeyer and Carter Davidson.

Current Events Section—October 17th, 10 a.m. Scout House, Mrs. James K. Lynch will give a resumé of world current events.

October 24th, 10 a.m. Scout House, Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff will speak on Nationalism and Internationalism.

Bridge Section—October 8th and 22nd, 2 p.m. Scout House. Bridge and tea.

❀ ❀

A letter from W. K. Bassett, received a few days ago, tells that he started on his trek from New England to California on the 28th of September, last Friday.

If all goes well, he is expected to arrive in Carmel a week from this Saturday as he and his wife and boy are driving across the continent.

That no fear may be felt that he has lost any of his old-time fervor and enthusiasm the following quotation from his letter will be of interest:

"I find myself quite excited over the prospect of again editing a Carmel paper and you may be assured that I shall do my best to make it a necessity for the mentally alert . . . This is written on the early morning of the day of our departure, my typewriter sitting in a jumbled mess of furniture and household gods in every possible attitude, principally grotesque; sublimely irresponsible are the gods."

❀ ❀

Helen Ware (Mrs. Frederic Burt) will be away from Carmel for several weeks, having been called to Hollywood to enact a role in a new picture. Mrs. Olive Sibley, her sister, who has been here several weeks has left for San Francisco, with plans to return here shortly.

❀ ❀

The Monterey Peninsula was well represented at the annual California Hotel Association convention held at Agua Caliente, Mexico, last week. Fred Godwin of La Playa, John B. Jordan of Pine Inn, Carl Stanley of Del Monte, and Jean Juillard of the San Carlos were among those present.

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son's investment; the intelligent zoning laws will preserve its advantages; and the foresight and energy of our leaders will maintain Carmel's ideas.

—W. L. O.

As I Saw It in 1929

By Harold L. Mack

For the past six years this country has shown every evidence of unbounded prosperity. Everyone seemed to be making money. Tremendous fortunes were being created. Industrial enterprises were working at top speed. The prices of securities were advancing to unheard-of figures. And then out of a clear sky the country experienced one of the worst panics it has ever known. Prices of securities dropped almost over night to a fraction of what they had been selling for. Our bankers, our industrial leaders, and even our President, were called upon to make public statements. This transition from a period of extreme prosperity to a period of extreme depression came about without any declaration of war, any bank failure, any National calamity, or any outward events which in previous times have caused such conditions.

It is a wonder to me that such a situation does not cause more comment. That such a situation is accepted with equanimity by our so-called political and business leaders is a puzzle to me. Either they fail entirely to grasp the significance of the situation or, if they do grasp it, their political and business horizon is so limited and so narrowed through selfish interets that they prefer the outward appearance of this rather than the basic soundness of strength and health.

As a matter of fact, this country was never really prosperous. Its prosperity was similar to the prosperity of France when the Mississippi bubble was making everyone rich, or the prosperity of Holland when tulips were selling for prices at which diamonds were being sold. It was a hollow shell of prosperity. It is time that this be recognized; otherwise the same shell will again be erected and pointed out as a sound structure only to be toppled over at a moment's notice.

If we were to see a seemingly strong, well-constructed building develop visible signs of danger of collapsing over night, we would make every effort to ascertain what was wrong with its construction. We would not be content to shore it up with temporary beams painted to resemble stone and then let it go at that. If we should see thousands of our strongest men suddenly become invalids without apparent outward cause, we would not be content to administer them doses of strychnine so that they would again appear to be in full health. No, we would immediately investigate the causes that led to the collapse of the building or to the weakness of the men. We would then do our darndest to correct the conditions that lead to such weakness. If we constructed a seemingly strong bridge across a river and we noticed its cables were suddenly seeming to weaken, we would not allow this bridge to remain open to traffic without putting a few strings in the cable. If this did not help, we would immediately close the bridge to all transportation and no matter if the public had to travel many miles to cross the river at another point, we would compel them to do so for their own good.

Our economic structure today is like a cracked bridge, outwardly strong, but inwardly, structurally weak. Yet our political leaders, our bankers, and our business men are perfectly willing that the public continue daily to cross such a bridge, risking the very future of the Nation through their own supine ignorance as to the dangers involved or their lack of courage to face the true situation.

The papers have been full of how the bankers saved the country after our last collapse. Now, personally, I know lots of bankers. Many of them are very good fellows. They possess neither halos nor horns. Most of them are just plain ordinary men who play rather a poor game of golf as a rule, and a good game of bridge. They are neither gods nor devils. Most of them are men who have gone into the banking business to make money for themselves and to obtain the place in the community which the position of banker seems to give them, or because they like the game. Now, when the papers tell you that the bankers saved the country in this last panic, it is all bosh. What they really did was to try to save themselves. As a matter of fact, the bankers not only did not save the country, but rather it has been poor banking methods that have caused the natural prosperity of our country to become so weakened internally as to collapse at the first strain.

It is a fact that credit is the life-blood of all business. Without credit no one can prosper and business could not continue. Our entire economical system is built up on the use of credit. Credit speeds up and stimulates all business. Manufacturers must obtain credit if they would buy in sufficient quantities to keep a proper stock of goods on hand. People who purchase must have credit or they would only be able to purchase what they pay for in cash. It is the continuous flow of the stream of credit through all forms of business that allows for the natural interchange of goods and commodities. However, inasmuch as credit is a stimulant and a quickener of all trade its use must

be carefully watched. Otherwise it becomes a dangerous stimulant that can cause all kinds of trouble.

The control of the credit of this country is in the hands of our bankers. It is they who can either give or withhold credit to the people who apply for it. When a man wants to borrow money, he goes to his bank. If his credit is sound and his reputation good, he receives the accommodation. If he has no security to offer and his reputation is bad, he is generally refused. On the other hand, if a banker happens to be interested in one particular industry over another, it is a simple matter for him to give the industry in which he is interested credit and withhold it from that industry in which he has no interest.

After all is said and done, it is the banker who is the basis on which our business structure must be erected. If he has brains and if he is a sound thinker, the business structure will, in all probability, be sound. If, on the other hand, he is a gambler and unsound in his judgment, business calamities will undoubtedly develop. He has a tremendous responsibility on his shoulders. In former times when the banking business of the country was conducted by individual bankers, the prosperity of a small rural community might be gauged very easily by the character of the hard-fisted, but sound thinking, banker who controlled its destinies. Of late years, however, banking has gone more and more into the hands of young men. Banking capital has been concentrated in the hands of a few. Every bank has a list of from ten to one hundred vice-presidents who conduct the business of the bank very much as a department store is conducted.

Now youth is very fine. It is brave, it is willing to take chances, and it has vision, but youth and the banking business is a dangerous combination. Youths should get out and do the hard work in the community. Age should sit back and control it. Bankers cannot take chances with credit any more than a doctor can use dangerous drugs for experimental purposes. Youth may have vision, but age must determine whether such vision is sound or ephemeral.

After the war this country came into possession of billions in gold. This gold was under the control of the bankers. It had to be put to use. The result has been that money being in plentiful supply credit, likewise, became available in large amounts. It is axiomatic that when any article is scarce, its use is watched with care. When an article is plentiful, carelessness is bound to creep in to its employment. When the buffaloes roamed the plains in countless millions, no one thought of conserving the animal. They were slaughtered without thought and wastefully. Our trees were cut down wastefully and without thought of the future and it was only when they began to disappear that ways and means of conserving them were thought of. Necessity is the mother of invention. As long as credit was plentiful, its use was not watched carefully and people employing it became more and more careless. What difference did it make if this year an industrial enterprise went by the board? Supposing money was lost, there was plenty more to take its place. The bankers of the country who had all this supply of credit at their disposal became more and more lax in their methods of watching the supply and doled it out as if there were no limit to the amount.

Now, the economic life of the Nation is a very complex one. The basis of all our economic life is our land. It is the farmer, the cattle raiser, and the miner who are the basis of all national wealth. It is a peculiar thing that this type of work is the most arduous and the most difficult to make profitable. As credit becomes free and easy and its employment is diverted into channels that offer opportunities for quick and easy fortunes, it becomes less and less the desire of those in control of credit to use it for difficult purposes. It is natural that if two men apply for credit, it will go to the one who offers the best security. No one cares to work any harder than one has to and if a banker is asked for credit by a man of whom he has to make a careful investigation before he can determine whether or not he is entitled to it and after such investigation finds that it is going to take him many years to repay his loan, and another man comes along who offers sound securities and can repay his loan quickly, it is natural that the banker will give the credit to the man with the sound securities. It is very well to say that the bankers should be above this, but bankers are no better than other ordinary mortals. Regardless of the fact that theoretically they should be above being controlled by any such influences, the fact of the matter is that they will always, except in isolated cases, do just this thing.

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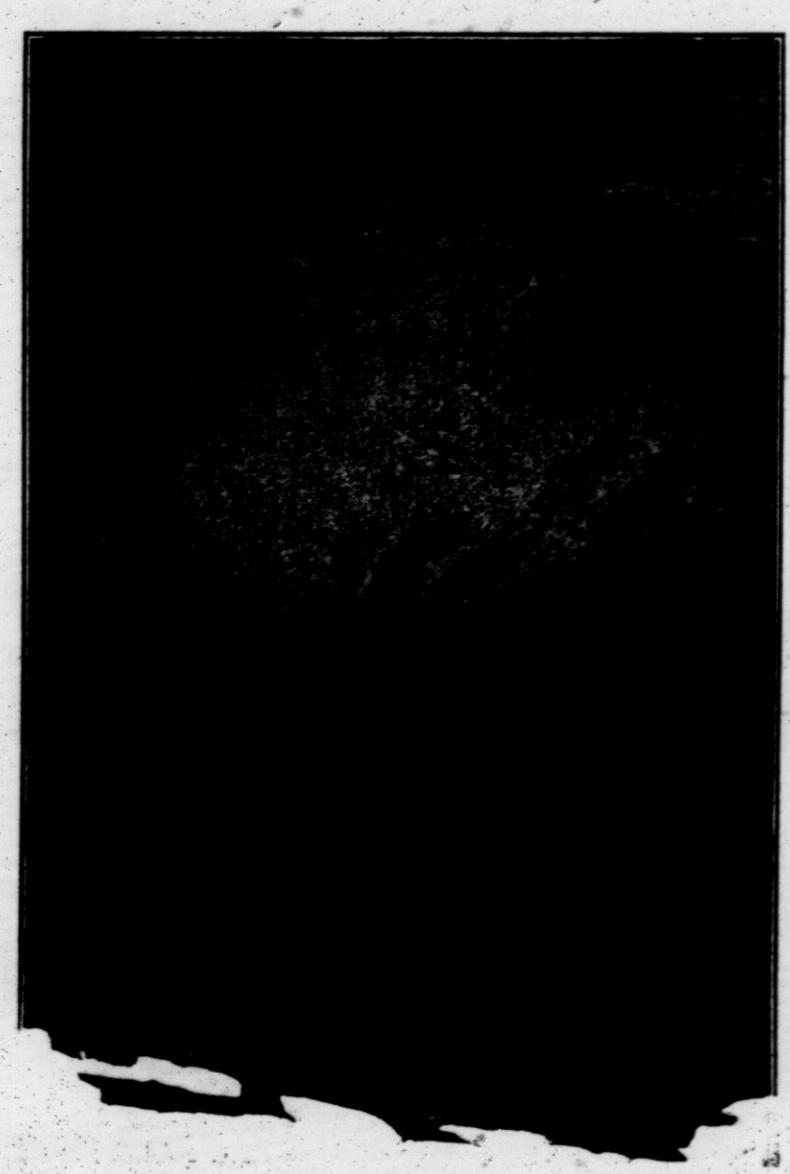
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Guth were called to Los Angeles recently by the death of Mrs. Guth's brother, who was killed in a traffic accident.

❀ ❀

D. D. Huffman, local manager of the Western Union office, succeeding W. J. Acheson, has been joined by his wife and son. They formerly lived at Sebastopol.



Book Reviews

"Old Monterey, California's Adobe Capital," San Francisco, San Carlos Press $3.50).

The following review of Laura Bride Powers' great book of local interest is taken from the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"The story of Monterey, once the capital of California, has in it all those elements of heroism, piety, chicanery, and quietness that characterized the Spanish civilization that has almost passed from this continent. Mrs. Powers' tale of the place she knows so well and loves for what it was thus becomes a *Te Deum* and a dirge.

"She shows us first the proud glory of exploration, in the brief and dangerous voyage of discovery made by Viscaino in 1602. Then came that magnificent feat of settling the land a century and a half later. Mrs. Powers tells with delight of the halycon days that followed and has honest indignation for those who ruined by double-dealing and fraud all the work that had been done for the Indians. Then with the period during which the State entered the Union and Monterey lost its former prominence the tale comes to a dying fall. And though she does not say it, we realize that this is because with the passing of Monterey's glory something else faded out: the former view of life and the old spirit of the country had inevitably changed.

"This is a thrilling book, for Mrs. Powers has what every local historian should have, enthusiasm and a detailed knowledge of the subject.

"Hers is an angry book, a loving book, and one that all Californians should read lest the importance of the past be obscured by their present."

❀ ❀

"Tents in Mongolia" (Yabonah). By Henning Haslund. Translated from the Swedish—(Dutton, $5.00).

From Copenhagen to Outer Mongolia went five young Europeans on a modern pioneering expedition to one of the few really wild places of the earth— Farming, furs and the excitement of dangerous life led them to this distant spot. A beautiful robber princess soon convinced them that they had made no mistake. The summer on the Mongolian desert was intensely hot; the winter of Central Asia was bitter beyond compare. Each day brought its quota of surprise and hard work.

With a farm actually started in this far-off region, the author established a still more remote trading camp for furs. He outwitted clever Chinese traders; he had direct experience with the supernatural powers of two Oriental priests—one of them a pretty young woman! He was even lured to the northward, where the new Siberia of the Soviet was astir with the strange mixture of faith and cruelty of communism. He was freed at last from a Siberian prison and permitted to return through the desperate and terrible mountain passes to the South. He was forced to adopt a Mongol child, to chase away an evil sirit.

Such a book as this is a symbol of a new age—when the world's frontier has moved from Western America to Inner Asia, where political faiths and rival races are preparing for gigantic struggles. It is not only an engrossing story of adventure, perhaps the best of its kind in several years, but it is also a book significant of the future, with overtones that will make the thoughtful pause and re-read.

Book Notes

Just out is "Harvest in the North," a novel of Lancashire life in the boom and the slump, by J. L. Hodson. The novel comes to American readers with high praise from H. G. Wells, Richard Aldington, Phyllis Bentley and many others.

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Says O. O. McIntyre: "Novelists can get away with sabbatical years with no falling away in their following. Harold McGrath, I believe, knocked off work for three years with no loss in forthcoming royalties. C. G. Norris gives us but one novel every two years. But short story and article writers cannot drop out of the parade so easily."

❀ ❀

Meredith Nicholson has begun on a novel with War-torn Paraguay as a background. Nicholson was one of James Whitcomb Riley's closest friends, and publishers have been after him for years for Riley reminiscences. In the leisure of Latin America it is hoped he will find time.

❀ ❀

Sigrid Undset's great novel of medieval Norway, which has appeared in four parts as "The Axe," "The Snake Pit," "In the Wilderness" and "The Son Avenger," will be issued this fall in a one-volume edition by Alfred A. Knopf.

❀ ❀

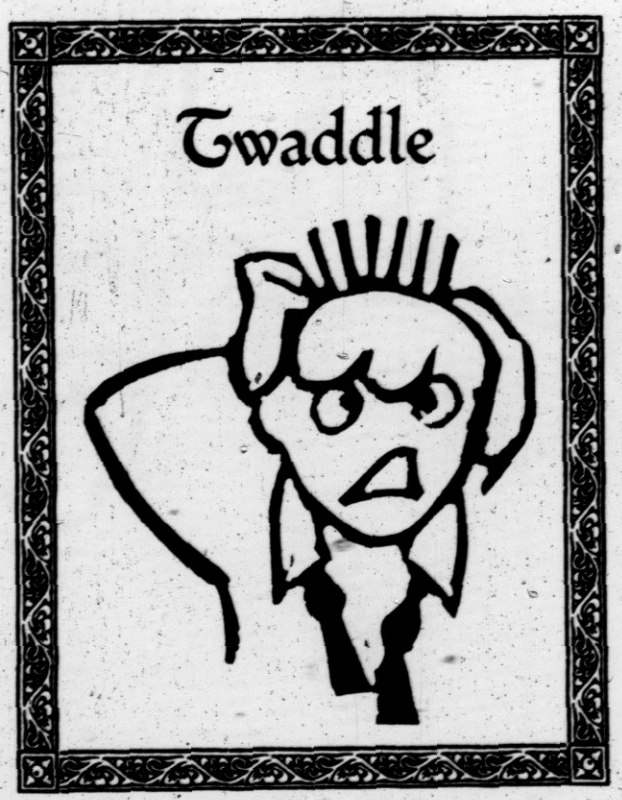
The Old Mission Guild is giving a card party on the evening of the 9th. Whist, contract and auction will be played. The committee in charge is Mrs. Mildred Melrose, Mrs. Neil Twilegar and Mrs. Stoney.

❀ ❀

A new high in enrollment at Monterey Union High School has been recorded. The total number of students now registered is 747. This figure was not reached until the second semester last year.

❀ ❀

$1119.52 is Monterey County's share of the State Gasoline Tax for the first six months of 1934. Money derived from this source is required to go into the road fund.



Having been pursued all week by members of the Younger Set with exhortations not to print certain regrettable SCRAPS and bits of their Saturday night fun, I'm left rather on a limb. After all, nobody's bitten a dog and there haven't been any good fires lately, so about all I can do is apologize before I start in. So, children, please accept my apologies or use your own judgment. (Maybe I can at least start a good feud!)

❀ ❀

Just found out what all those dull thuds were that pursued me all evening! I kept looking for a green dragon with a huge tail bumping around. Guess what! Roar-with-Gilmore, suddenly overtaken by the floor! He's up—he's down! And so on, far into the night!

❀ ❀

Yokel Staniford (you looked cute, Billy) was evident very much impressed with the Balloon Dance, and incidentally did Dewey Clough a very good turn! Dewey was sitting on the floor in front of Bill during the entertainment, and I suppose Bill thought Dewey's beach-comber outfit wasn't quite realistic enough so at each minus-balloons from the dancer, Bill gave Dewey's shirt another rip! I didn't see Bill's father stopping him!

❀ ❀

I was haunted all evening by a Peeping Tom effect, completely enshrouded in specter-blue swathings, whom (with the aid of a lead pipe dropped in the shuffle by a Plumber) I discovered to be my rival contemporary. Shame—shame ! ! ! Wait till I sic Mr. Bassett on you!

Those Conlan boys! What costumes! Fran showed great consideration for the girl's shyness, and had himself a Sultan's rig, thereby making it the natural thing for the femmes to follow him around (and they did, as usual!) I understand he returned from Omaha just for the event because he couldn't resist the temptation to put us all at our ease! I could suggest a more appropriate costume for Louis, however—a prize-fighter's would have been much more convenient, because then no one would have had to hold his fur Russian hat every time some one insulted him! He was very thoughtful, however, and automatically tendered a scotch and soda before even asking to have it held. (I followed him around all evening.)

❀ ❀

The Hoopers! *The Hoopers ! ! THE HOOPERS ! ! !*

❀ ❀

The South Seas turned out (fell out, passed out, and tossed out). Twelve natives from Carmel swam at the same table—Beverly and Joan Tait, Althea Kendall, Beverly Ellison, Helen Willard, Landis Cottel, supposedly escorted by Dave Davis, Dale Leidig, Bob Gilmore, Tommie Tooker, Dewey Clough and Ray Draper. The Tait girls wore silver sandals, and silver fingernails and toenails (oh yes, and sarongs). Anyway, I think it was a very grand table!

❀ ❀

On looking at the newspaper pictures the San Francisco boys took of me, I find they're of the Monteagle girls.

❀ ❀

I had a swell time! In fact, I'm *still* having a swell time—six of the revellers dressed at my house and I've been wearing costumes ever since—my own clothes have completely disappeared! Anyone curious as to the identity of my house guests, watch the vital statistics, because as I find them, one by one, they're going to be quietly but firmly exterminated!

❀ ❀

Among the San Franciscans well known (now) to Carmelites was George Duffy—the black boogey man! Hospitality and greetings flowed back and forth between we'uns and Mr. Duffy. I think, if approached *quickly*, Barney Segal could do some business there and sell Mr. Duffy a house and lot, or maybe even a city block of business property!

After the refreshments were served, games were played in the corridor outside the Tap Room. (I ought to know—I was the game!) It seems Mr. Duffy wanted to entertain a certain young lady at the upstairs bar, but unfortunately for the young lady, Fran Conlon wanted to entertain her at the same time at the Tap Room Bar. Mr. Duffy possessed himself of the arm nearest the stairs, while Mr. Conlan fell into position and attached himself to the arm closest to the Tap Room. Thence ensued a bit of persuasion (mental and physical) which attracted a wandering minstrel band about twenty strong, who immediately decided it was a game of Tug-of-War. They eeny-meeny-miney-moed sides, and I guess Fran Conlan's side won, because I woke up in the Tap Room!

❀ ❀

Overheard Sunday morning in Whitney's: "Gee, those lights were bright at the Ball. When I first arrived, I couldn't see a thing on account of the glare!" (AND THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT ! ! !)

❀ ❀

MUSICAL NOTES:

One of our better blondes goes in (and under) for music in a big way. She was a. w. o. l. the greater part of the evening—we discovered her under Bob Kinney's piano bench tugging at his trouser legs in perfect rhythm to the music!

❀ ❀

Good night, little kiddies—and sweet dreams until the next nightmare next year!

—P. C.

❀ ❀

After a trip which took her through the New England States, Indiana, Illinois and Colorado, Mrs. Ella S. Goddard has returned, enthusiastic over her journey, but singing the praises of Carmel.

❀ ❀

Gloria Stuart, erstwhile Carmel newspaper reporter, contrary to first reports, is not playing in Max Reinhardt's "Midsumer Night's Dream." She is quite busy with pictures in Hollywood.

❀ ❀

For the next few months Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Trevvett of New York will reside in Carmel, occupying the Stewart house on the Point. Mr. Trevvett is the brother of Sidney A. Trevvett of Hatton Fields.

Social Credit

(Continued from last week)

ARTICLE VII

In diagnosing the cause of our trouble, Social Credit advocates have centered on three main things—already described, but which I again summarize for clarity and emphasis.

The first is that the producer has to recover in prices so much more than he pays out in wages, salaries and dividends, that the consumer never can buy the total goods produced.

The second is that allowing a small group of private people—financiers—to have the right to create and destroy cheque money (credit) permits these men to sit in supreme control over all business and industry, and to manage it, not for the benefit of the people generally, but for themselves—creating booms when it pays them to do so, and causing depressions when those better suit their purpose.

The third is that with science and machinery steadily lessening the number of workers required in industry, we have found no more sensible way of dealing with unemployment than that of supporting the victims of it out of taxes and charity, which is rather like "trying to feed a dog on its own tail."

So much for the disease. And now what do they propose by way of remedy?

Briefly stated, the general proposals are: That without interfering with the business of banks in looking after people's deposits, the government should take over the control of the supply of money and should regulate it in such a way that the people would always have enough to buy all that they need of what industry can produce. Money then would become the servant of industry, aiding the production and distribution of goods, instead of industry being, as it too often is now, the slave of money.

People who are inclined to object to the idea of government control of the supply of money (something entirely different from government control of an individual citizen's income) should ask themselves: "From the standpoint of common sense and human nature, which is more likely to be to the advantage of the ordinary citizen—to leave the control of the supply of money in the hands of irresponsible financiers, whose interests in the matter are CONTRARY to those of other people, or to lodge it in the hands of responsible officials of the government, whose interests are certainly much more nearly identical with those of the people?"

For, once the actual making of money is no longer allowed to be carried on as a profit-making business for those engaged in it, it becomes in the interests—alike of the most patriotic and high-minded government official and also of the most unscrupulous and self-seeking—to do the job properly.

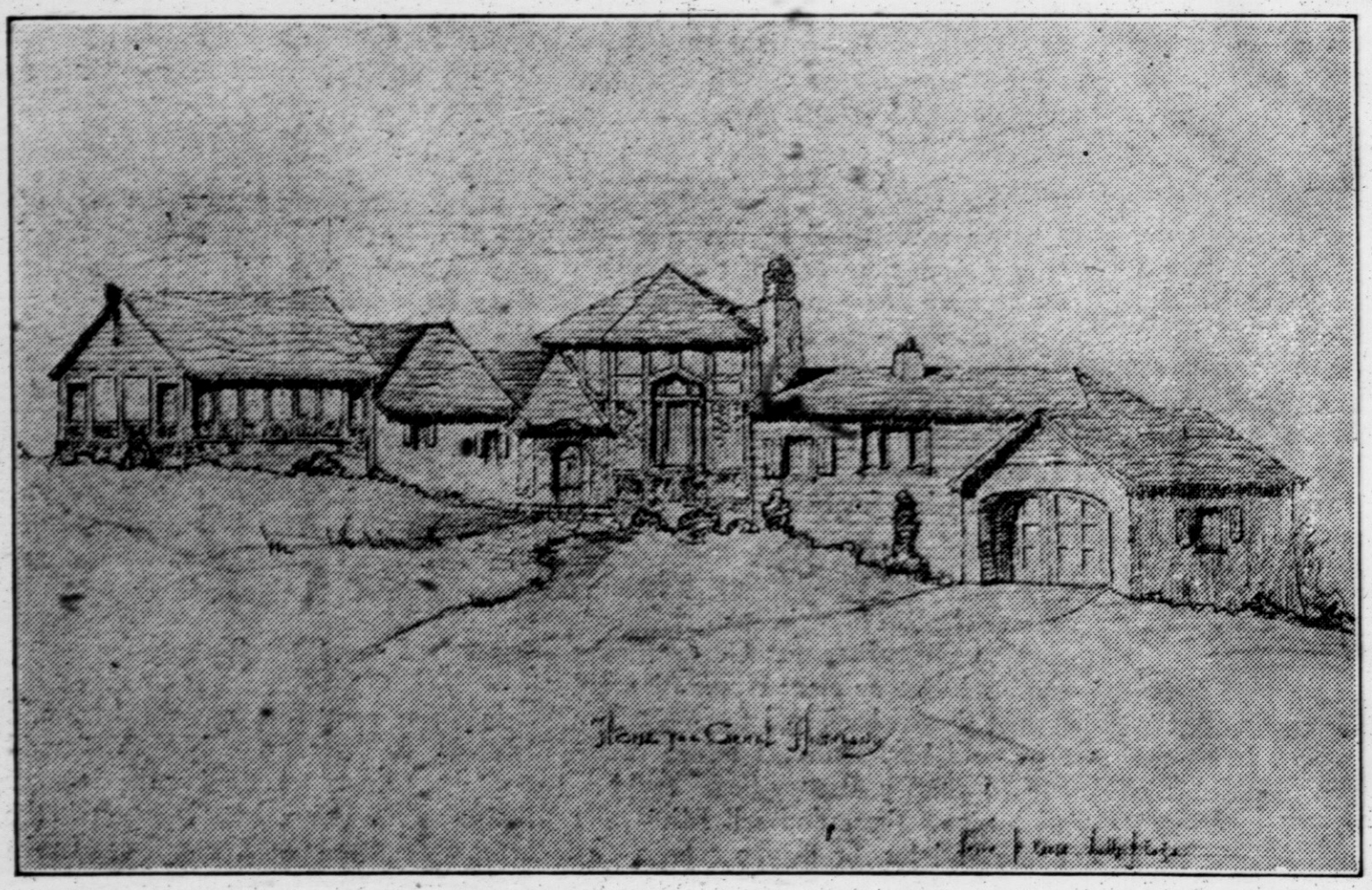
If he issues too little money, he reduces his own income as well as that of everyone else; if he issues too much, he defeats his end by inflation and decreases the value of his income as well as that of every one else, besides incurring the censure of the people for his incompetence.

How this general plan is to be carried out under Social Credit is explained substantially as follows:

First, by the enforcement of what they call a "closed currency." By this they mean to prohibit banks and financial houses from buying and selling the country's money—the contention being that such gambling in a country's money alters its volume in a way that is harmful to trade.

Their second point is that the government bank or treasury should have the sole right of creating new cheque money (credit) when granting a bank loan, and of destroying money when a bank loan is repaid.

Ordinary banks should be compelled to treat their loans as are loans of private



persons. They should be obliged to keep actual currency behind the whole of their deposits, to ask their depositors' consent before lending their money, and to show loans as deductions from deposits.

At present, bank loans, besides figuring as liabilities, are shown in the banks' books as additions to deposits—and with some reason, since they represent new creations of cheque money. In fairness to the banks, they would no longer be expected to pay interest on deposits; on the contrary, depositors would pay them a reasonable charge for taking care of their money, which was the practice for many years.

Social Credit's third point calls for free credit. At present when a manufacturer wants to buy some new material or to extend his business, he goes to a bank which extends to him so much credit on condition that he repay the money—with interest—at a given time.

Remember that bank credit is a loan made by the bank which allows a person to make payments by cheques drawn on that bank, up to a certain amount.

The bank, however, does not make any new paper money when this is done. In these days it is common for everyone in business to maintain a bank account, so that most of the cheques drawn on the bank will almost immediately be repaid into other accounts—a process which does not entail the use of any cash.

Probably not over 1 per cent of the money used in business ever leaves the banking system. In the case when a cheque is presented to the bank for payment in cash, the bank uses the money of other depositors to meet it, feeling safe in so doing because it is a very rare thing for all a bank's depositors to demand the return of their total deposits at the same time.

Whether his goods are sold or not, the manufacturer has to repay his loan within the time specified, even if, in order to do so, he may have to sell at a loss or go bankrupt.

To meet this difficulty, Social Credit proposes that the government, which would have charge of the granting of bank loans, should first make sure that the goods it was proposed to produce were likely to be needed. It then—on condition that the manufacturer produced goods at least to the value of the credit allowed him—would lend him the sum required, FREE OF INTEREST. Exempt from paying interest, and allowed a much longer time in which to repay his loan, he would be able, from the start, to charge lower prices and thus would sell more; and the people would be able to buy more, so that both sides would gain.

Point three of the reform program would be put into operation a few weeks ahead of part five, which is to follow. This would insure there being ample goods to back the issue of "new" money and prevent a rise in prices and danger of inflation.

Free credit would be granted by the government only to those kinds of industrial undertakings to which banks, under the present system, are willing to extend credit. As a rule, most banks give credit only to merchants and manufacturers to carry on and to develop an established business. New business would have to borrow money, as now, in the usual way to pay interest to the people who lent them the money.

ARTICLE VIII

The fourth plank in the Social Credit platform calls for abandoning the so-called "gold standard." In nearly all civilized countries there is more or less of a rule that the amount of paper money issued must be in proportion to the amount of gold in the treasury and banks.

The proportion differs with the different countries, in some cases the gold "backing" being much larger than in others. Let us assume, however, a rule that not more than $2 in currency may be issued to every dollar in gold.

No matter how badly more currency may be needed to enable people to buy the greater amount of goods that are being produced; no matter how much manufacturers may require more credits (loans from banks) to build new factories to produce the goods the people are willing to buy—if it should happen that the quantity of gold is "running low," then everything is held up on that account.

This, the Social Credit people say, is a silly and harmful custom, and they insist that about the only thing that gold is sometimes useful for under the present system is to adjust "trade balances."

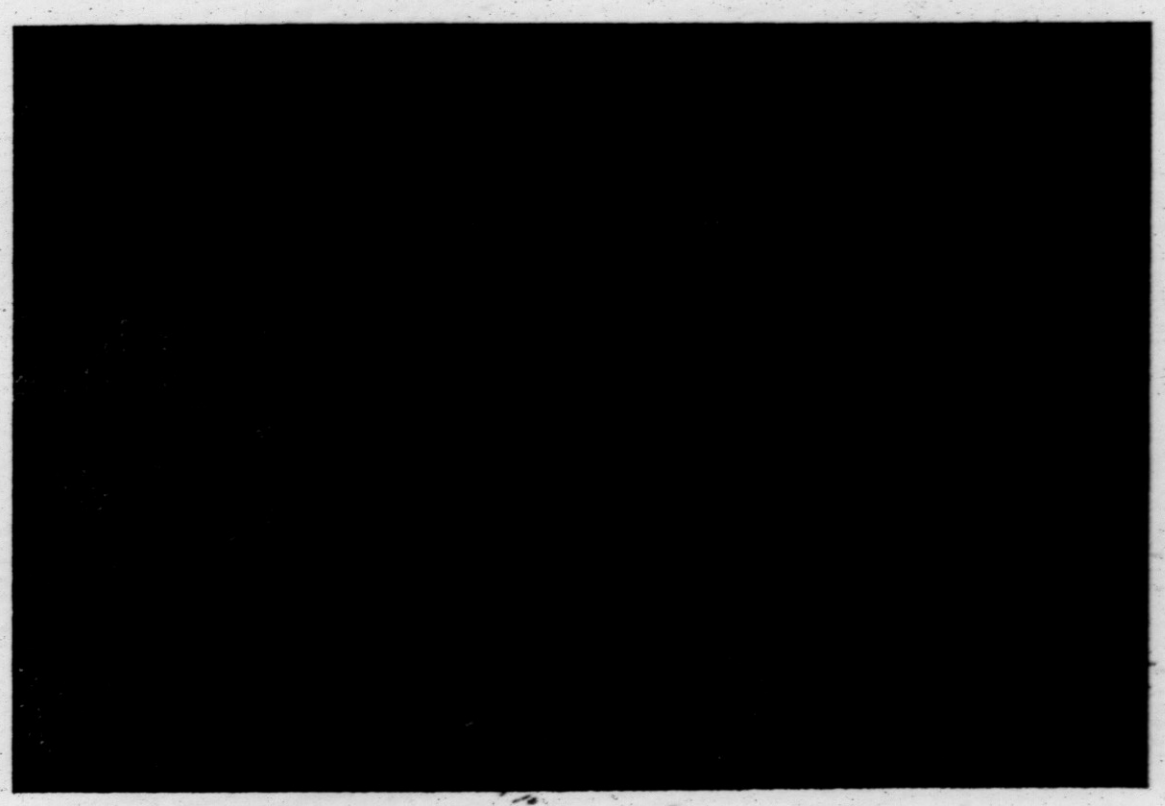
(When one country exports to another country goods of a value greater than of those it imports from it, the debtor country has to make up the difference by sending over gold. If, say, we exported to England $10,000,000 worth of goods in a year and imported only $7,000,000 worth from England, then England might have to send us $3,000,000 in gold to make up the difference between the ten and seven millions.)

The country getting the gold is said to have a "favorable balance of trade," and under the present system every country is eager for this because it brings in more gold; and then the financiers are ready to issue more paper money, which makes things a little easier for industry and keeps down unemployment somewhat.

There is no reason, however, the Social Creditites contend, why gold should not be retained as an expression of a measure of value. That is to say, a horse might be said to be worth so many grains of gold; a cow, so many; and a table, so many; and therefore the value of a horse, as compared to that of a cow or table, would be such-and-such.

Using gold as a measure of value in this way, they contend, is a very different thing from using it as a harmful and unnecessary check upon the total amount of money in circulation.

There is only one sensible standard by which to regulate the supply of the country's money—so say the adherents of Social Credit. This standard is goods—for it is goods and not gold that give



money its value under any system. Moreover they contend, we are only on a gold standard as long as we do not ask for gold; when we all ask for it, away we go —off the gold standard.

Egypt, they tell us, for the past fifteen years has had what is tantamount to a "goods standard" for her money supply, and during the period the value of her money has remained more stable than even that of England when England was on the gold standard, thus proving what nonsense it is for people to try to make out that a gold standard is necessary to make trade easy with foreign countries.

How about inflation?

Increasing the supply of money, we are told, is not necessarily inflation, nor is increasing the supply of paper money above the supply of gold. Inflation is letting the supply of money get above the supply of goods. If a country has 500 lots of goods that people want and which are worth $1 each, and if it has $500, that is the perfect balance between goods and money. If it increases its supply of goods and money until it has 5,000 lots of goods and $5,000, that is Social Credit—the perfect balance is retained between money and goods, and there is still no inflation.

But if a country with 500 lots of goods and $500 increases its money supply to $1,000 without correspondingly increasing its goods supply, that would be inflation, and the goods which were selling for $1 each will soon be selling for $2.

Or, if the country with 500 lots of merchandise and $500 met with some disaster so that the quantity of goods dropped to 250 lots and if it did not destroy $250 of its money, or "deflate," as it is called, again there would be inflation, even though the money supply had not been increased.

Social Credit, under the plan outlined by Major Douglas to the English Macmillan Commission, would not issue the new money until the new goods on which it is based had been produced and were actually on the market. Thus, there would be no disparity between money and goods; the amount of money would increase no faster than the amount of goods, and so there could be no inflation.

It is assumed, of course, that the object of a country's production system is to produce the amount of goods the people require. Naturally, industry having produced these goods wants to sell them.

Therefore, the amount of money required is that which will buy all the goods produced, and so an increase in goods should always be followed by an increase in money.

This is something which does not now occur, with control of the issuance of money in private hands, hence is one of the reasons why Social Credit proposes reform of the financial system.

❀ ❀

MYSTERY ON DOLORES STREET

Much speculation has been aroused as to what is concealed behind noncommittal baize hangings that are taking up most of the north wall of the Manzanita Club. A painting, to be sure. But what sort of a painting? Only the artist responsible for the creation knows what secret the securely fastened draperies are guarding.

Is it a marvellously inspired composition, glowing with all the gorgeous coloring of a desert sunset? Or is the repressed depicting of an idea carried out in chaste black and white?

Capt. Pat Hudgins, Commander Peterson and Don Hale, under the direction of which the work of art was hung, refuse to divulge any information but are mollifying insistent questioners with the curt statement that at Nine in the evening, on October Sixth, and not one minute sooner, will the jealously guarded mystery be dispelled.

On that date, at the Manzanita Club, Carmel Post 512, American Legion will stage a show for the benefit of the "On To Miami Fund" of the Monterey Drum and Bugle Corps. All Legionaires and their invited guests are welcome to assure, by their presence, the success of the evening.

Further information and tickets of admission can be secured from any of the following, Jimmy Reagan, Major Landers, Don Hale, Lee Gottfried, Floyd Mangrum and Fred McIndoe.

❀ ❀

Tomorrow afternoon, in All Saints Parish House, the ladies of St. Anne's Guild will hold their exhibit of heirlooms and art objects. Antique lovers are urged to attend. Tea will be served.

❀ ❀

Miss Charlotte Millis, young Chicago sculptress, is visiting Mrs. Vera Peck Millis. She is the daughter of Harry Alvin Millis, a member of one of President Roosevelt's relations boards.

One Life's Record

An Anonymous Autobiography

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER 3

I was interested in neither whiskey nor beer, but as the afternoon wore on I walked toward the head of the coulée and stood in a tangle of narrow-gauge track. Spurs led here and there to gaping tunnels driven into the shoulder of the hillside, and every now and then a train of one-ton cars would come clanking along at the end of a steel cable. Stationary engines snorted. Black dust flew. And occasionally from somewhere deep in the bowels of the earth the rending *hr-r-rump!* of giant powder thrilled me.

My chest swelled as I stood in this theater of activity telling myself proudly that on the morrow I was to take on the burdens of a full-grown man. I was a "mucker"—whatever that might be—on the payroll of a great corporation. And at three dollars a day!

Few men were above ground. I pestered them with questions. I daresay I got in their way. But for all my trouble I had little but strange and brief replies and warnings hurled in an unknown tongue. I guessed it to be Swedish. And I was right, for later it developed that of the entire population of Sand Coulée, but seven or eight persons could speak even passable English. To all intents and purposes I was in Sweden—far from the haunts of *Deadwood Dick*.

The sun sank behind the far shoulder of the coulée, and presently the engines stopped their snorting. There was a dramatic flavor to the silence that followed, and all keyed up I waited for something extraordinary to happen. It came: the hoarse blare of the quitting whistle, and as though it had been a cue, the gaping tunnel-mouths vomitted forth a thousand grimy Swedes, each bearing a dinner-pail. Black as Nubians, perhaps blacker, they picked their way across the tracks and headed for their respective houses.

I followed the army down the darkening coulée. The invisible sun sank still lower, and in the gathering dusk the refracted light glinted on a thousand dinner-pails. All else was vague and purple.

In the shower-baths of my house a hundred men soaped and splashed and steamed themselves. They weren't particular as to necks and ears, and when later we sat at the long tables and wolfed the hot food, I couldn't help but notice the black rings around the pale blue eyes. Next evening, in the shower-baths, I was to learn more of what to leave unwashed.

Cards, harmonica and accordion-music served to while away the after-supper hour, when came a jabbering in the dormitory as the tired Swedes sought their beds. In an incredibly short period most of them were asleep and snoring.

Directly after breakfast next morning I found my "gang" and learned the nature of my duties. Four men constituted a gang. The steam-drill man was in charge. His assistant relieved him at the breast of the drift, and saw to the blasting. The remaining two were muckers. It was their duty to break up the enormous slabs of coal dislodged, and to heave and shovel it into the one-ton cars. Twenty tons per gang was the day's stint, and a close tally was kept of each loaded car rolled to the foot of the incline where the cables took hold.

Track-laying and timbering was done mostly at night, as the galleries and drifts pierced deeper and deeper into the hillside, track was laid to the headings where the drills worked. And so it was that a fairly smooth way lay ahead of our gang as we perched on a string of empties and coasted almost to the spot where we'd work for ten hours.

I'd watched the others as they lighted their lamps and hooked them into the slots provided in the peaks of their caps. I followed suit, and as the earth swallowed us and we rolled toward our workshop, I began to have a feeling that these three grown men were sizing me up. Did they expect me to faint or scream? I asked myself. And just to indicate how little I feared the black pit I puckered my lips and whistled "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." I think my aplomb and prowess made an impression, for not once during the long hours of that miserable day did drillman or fellow mucker call me "Kid" or patronize me.

The work was both strenuous and monotonous. In mines of this type there was neither explosive gas nor the dreaded "damp" of the anthracite regions. It was merely a question of drilling a six-foot hole and blasting out three or four tons to a shot. And while we muckers were breaking the larger slabs and filling the cars, the chattering drill was again at work on the breast. Save when we retreated down tunnel to wait while the shots were being fired, there was no rest for the muckers. We had all we could do to keep up with the hungry drill.

Within an hour I was dripping with sweat. Great blisters were rising on the palms of my hands. And in the flare of the lamps I could see that my overalls were no longer blue. Three dollars a day wasn't such big pay after all. Smash, heave, and shovel. Smash, heave, and shovel. Heavier and heavier grew the sledge. The shovel was far too large. With the ending of the third hour I was about ready to quit. The muscles of my back had turned seemingly into white-hot piano wires. My fellow mucker, a giant Swede, sensed my distress, and without a word began to heave and shovel nearer and nearer my side of the track. I was thankful, but ashamed of my weakness. I wasn't so tough after all, ran the thought that hurt worse than my burning back or stinging palms. Humbly, painfully, I toiled on.

Ages later, it seemed, the drill slowed and stopped. The sibilant note of escaping steam dropped from a shriek to a whisper, then was hushed. No noon whistle penetrated to us, but the turning of a valve far above served notice that we could rest and eat. Dripping, I sat in the soft black dust and groped for my dinner-pail.

I was almost too miserable to eat, but the quadrant of pie I found beneath the thick sandwiches tempted me. Cold coffee washed down the few bites I managed, and then I lay back and watched the steady flame of the oil-flare stuck in a crevice near the drill. It cast a lurid light, serving but to enhance the gloom of this chamber of horrors. A black imp approached it to light his pipe; then another. And now in a gibberish without meaning for me, these sons of Sweden lifted their voices and sent the echoes flying along the drift. Lilting repartee, little snatches of song, and came the hiss of steam along the line, and the knocking out of pipes.

"How you feel?" the big mucker asked me, a friendly grin on his black face.

I managed a feeble "Fine," and with some difficulty moved my cold and stiffening limbs and grabbed my shovel.

Quite soon I was warm again, and for a while held my own. Then I began to slow and choose the smaller lumps to heave into the seemingly bottomless car. On and on the drill crashed into the breast of the drift, and as it sank deeper and deeper I gloated over the thought that loading and firing time was closer. It meant rest—heavenly rest.

(To be continued next week)

The Theatre

The old Manzanita Theatre, Carmel's only truly historical spot, will open Sunday night under its new ownership: "The Denny-Watrous Gallery." It's going to be a hilarious evening of grand fun. The "Drunkard" troupe is coming down for the one night to put on their latest and newest acts, never before shown. Peggy Converse, never-to-be forgotten for her singing of "Tavern in the Town" has a brand new act with Connie Bell, "Bicycle for Two." Neely Edwards, as master of ceremonies throughout the entertainment, adds joy to any show. And, too, Norman McNeil will be right there with his accordion; and of course the singing of old-fashioned songs (everyone still hums and sings them), are a feature. They'll all be here, Peggy, Connie, Rice and Cady, Nestor Paiva, Neely Edwards.

Reservations are coming from all over: Gonzales, Salinas, Hollister, etc. People came from here before—they're coming again. Tickets may be reserved by calling the Gallery, Carmel 62. Hurry up! It's going to be a good show. We all know it. And Carmel is anxious to get into its old social gathering hall—the old Manzanita.

The silent films of "East Lynne" and Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat" will run from October 8 to 13 at regular movie prices.

BOY SCOUT NOTES

The meeting of September 28th opened with the salute to the flag. The Scout laws were then reviewed by the twenty-two Scouts present.

Committeeman O. W. Bardarson told the troop about the play to be presented at the Court of Honor to be held at Sunset School on October 12th. This Court of Honor will be different and better than those held in Carmel in the past.

The best "Good Turn" was again done by Harrison, who, without being asked to do so, led a group of Scouts in cleaning up the Scout House after the recent father and son dinner.

Two new Scouts transferred into Troop 86 last week. Charles Hellam came from Santa Rosa and James Muscutt from the Del Monte troop. No more Scouts will be received into this troop for the present as 86 is now full-up. Two Scouts visited from Troop 39. This troop which meets on Saturday evening, with Scoutmaster Ernie Perkins in charge, will welcome a few more members.

After a signalling contest, the troop had its closing ceremony.

—MERLE DORSETT

GIRL SCOUTS MEET

Troop 2 of the Carmel Girl Scouts had its initial meeting of the year last Friday at the home of Mrs. Ralph Coote, captain of the troop.

The meeting was held for organization, plans were made for building an outdoor fireplace at the Cootes' home, where the members will be able to cook their own suppers.

Kathryn Hamm has been chosen leader of the Red Cross Patrol, and Hazel Mylar will be leader of the Iris Patrol.

Troop 1 announces the election of Jane Ellen Parker as leader of the Robin Patrol, Jacqueline Klein, leader of the Meadowlark Patrol, and Suzanne Chapman, leader of the Bluebird Patrol.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE LARGE PARTY SATURDAY NIGHT

It's quite unseemly for anyone who attended the Artists' Ball on a Complimentary Ticket to have anything but nice things to say about the affair. I must admit that I had the best time of my life but, try as I may, I can't help feeling little shivers of disappointment at its resemblance to the thoroughly-panned "Business Men's Pageant." Where, oh where, were those little fluttering touches of the artist's hand which would have made the Ball a beautiful dream instead of a blaze of—well you can't even have glory in a costume which demands artificial emphasis by way of heavy grease-paint.

One's impression on entering the huge main dining room of the Hotel was that the high school gymnasium had been converted into quarters for a night-before-the-basketball-game dance. We thought that the reason (although even that seemed strange) for the bright lights was that we had arrived at a very early hour in anticipation of having to fight for our table. Here I must give credit where it is due and admit that the handling of the reservations and all those little uncomfortable details usually so annoying at an affair so large was done beautifully and no one seemed to be stranded or at sea in any way. Perhaps the reason was that tickets were presented at the front door of the Hotel and once inside, the building belonged to the guests, which was a grand idea and a lovely gesture of hospitality.

As for the decorations—the grounds were beautiful. This is going to be a very short paragraph because all I can say is that the Palette and the pasteboard tubes of paint (which I discovered on getting close enough to read the printing on the boxes) were quite effective. Never again will I complain about the ever-present stemless dahlias on the tables in the Bali Room every Saturday night!

Thank you, Cellophane Man, for the refreshing novelty of your costume. You saved the evening for me, and it's too bad you received no recognition for your interest in the spirit of the evening. I waited for the Grand March and the presentation of the First Prize to you, but alas—the Award Committee must have been unable to find each other in the general confusion of the two bars! Perhaps they'll mail you your prize!

Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Douglas Fairbanks and Helen Twelvetrees must have looked very lovely in their costumes—in Hollywood. I'm hoping Mr. Cerwin will publish a picture of them en masse so we can all have a look.

As I explained at the start of this article, it really isn't fair of me to have anything but nice things to say, because I had such a grand time—but I'm so, so disappointed that I can't boast to all my Northern friends about our Artists holding their own and backing up their fame, instead of having to defend our natural aptitudes, that all I can hope is that next year we will be able to broadcast the success of the party instead of our own good times!

❀ ❀

If the little jobs are done well, there are no big jobes.

Well, wad-du-ya think of that?

Last Sunday morning, bright and early, Cornelia Clampett-Shuman and Galt Bell arrived in Yuma, Arizona, and before nightfall they were made man and wife.

With them on the eventful journey went Peggy Converse and Baron Maxmillian von Romberg, as maid of honor and best man.

Both parties to the marriage are members of the San Francisco "Drunkard" cast, which appears at the Denny-Watrous Gallery here this Sunday night.

Mrs. Clampett-Shuman-Bell is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Clampett, who resides here, and the late Rev. Frederic W. Clampett. Galt Bell, play producer and University of California graduate, is of the firm of Shobe & Bell, owners of various "Drunkard" shows.

❀ ❀

After a three months' visit with family and friends in Louisville, Kentucky, Mrs. Edwin Kehr has returned to her home here.

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SUNDAY [ONLY] OCTOBER 7 · 2 SHOWS; 7:00 & 9:00 P. M.

Stars of San Francisco Palace Hotel Company of "The Drunkard" in a Specially Arranged VARIETY SHOW and OLIO with Peggy Converse, Connie Clampett, Rice and Cady, Nestor Paiva and Norman McNeil, Accordion; Neely Edwards Master of Ceremonies. To be followed by Silent films "East Lynne" and Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat."

Seats on Sale at the Gallery, Call Carmel 62. All Seats Reserved, $1.25, 75c Plus Tax

"The Drunkard" Olio, Sunday Night Only. The Silent Films of "East Lynne" and Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat" will run from Oct. 8 to Oct. 13 at Movie Prices

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NEW GASOLINE DEVELOPED

During the past year the Signal Oil and Gas Company conducted one of the most extensive surveys undertaken by a gasoline company to learn exactly what type of performance western motorists want most from their gasoline, according to S. B. Mosher, president of the company.

"Thousands of drivers of all types and ages of cars were asked to list their various preferences," he stated. "The answers obtained by door to door interviews were carefully tabulated, and the preferences indicated by the motorists were accurately analyzed.

"An analysis of the questionaires definitely showed that 'all around' performance was wanted by more motorists than all the other reasons combined. This extensive survey proved that a high anti-knock rating in gasoline was not enough, neither was quick starting, power or more mileage enough. The gasoline to satisfy the most motorists must have all four of these qualities combined together.

"After learning exactly what motorists wanted, the Signal Oil & Gas Company worked for months to produce a gasoline that would give motorists the best 'all around' performance, which the questionaires so definitely indicated was desired. That this has been accomplished is evidenced by conclusive tests which we have made.

"Signal Tetraethyl gasoline, now available to the public, is scientifically refined to give motorists the best all around performance. All of the four essential performance features they want are combined in Signal Tetraethyl gasoline without sacrifice of any one.

"In order to acquaint motorists with the 'all around' performance of this gasoline, the Signal Oil & Gas Company is launching the largest newspaper advertising campaign ever conducted by the company. More than sixty daily newspapers will give motorists full details about the new performance features of Signal Tetraethyl gasoline, and acquaint drivers with the tremendous growth of this independently owned and operated company which in an incredibly short time have extended their service stations on the Pacific Coast to every community between Canada and Mexico."

❀ ❀

Along Professor's row there is still to be found one artistic and "homey" tea room in Carmel. The "Old Cabin Inn," formerly the home of a famous professor, then owned and made into a tea room by Mossie Hunkins, is now owned by Mrs. A. L. Sheets.

I dined there the other day and was so favorably impressed, not only with the food but by the atmosphere of the dining room that I thought Carmel should sit up, take notice, and dine at the Old Cabin Inn. The dining room, a living room really, is most attractive; natural redwood (we hardly ever see it in Carmel anymore), a big stone fireplace with a hot-enough-for-the-weather-that-day fire, and Rafters! Yes, real rafters. There is a charming little porch off the dining room, lots of light, plenty of windows. And surrounding the Inn is one of the most delightful gardens I've seen in Carmel for many a day. The food? Well, I think it's the best in Carmel but don't believe me. Go there and find out for yourself. Try it once, just once. That will be enough to convince you, I am sure.

Carmelites know particularly of David Starr Jordan. He, however, is not the only Professor in that block (Camino Real between Ocean Avenue and 7th). Professor Fish and several other professors built houses along that street too. Directly opposite the Old Cabin Inn is what was formerly the Ralph Davidson Miller Studio. You see? We have, not only artists and writers in Carmel, but professors too. And—but just go there yourself, to the Old Cabin Inn, and you will see that words are not amply descriptive to describe its charm. —S. R.

❀ ❀

Miss Margaret Swedberg has returned from a two weeks vacation spent in San Diego with her father. They had intended to go to Ensenada, but bad roads dissuaded them from going further south.

❀ ❀

Anne O'Crotty and Adele O'Byrne have been joined by their mother, Mrs. Fred O'Byrne, and sister, Rita, both from Santa Monica. They will all live together in a Lincoln Street cottage.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, during the informal program to be presented in the lounge of the San Carlos Hotel, Monterey, by Tau Mu, will relate a number of her Irish stories. The affair will take place on the evening of October 28th.

❀ ❀

Do not say when I am dead
"She was good and wise,"
I. who bent with grief your head,
Filled with tears your eyes.
Only say, "the leaves will stir
Softly, growing over her."

—ELLEN JANSON BROWNE

❀ ❀

Watch for our ART NUMBER *next week.*

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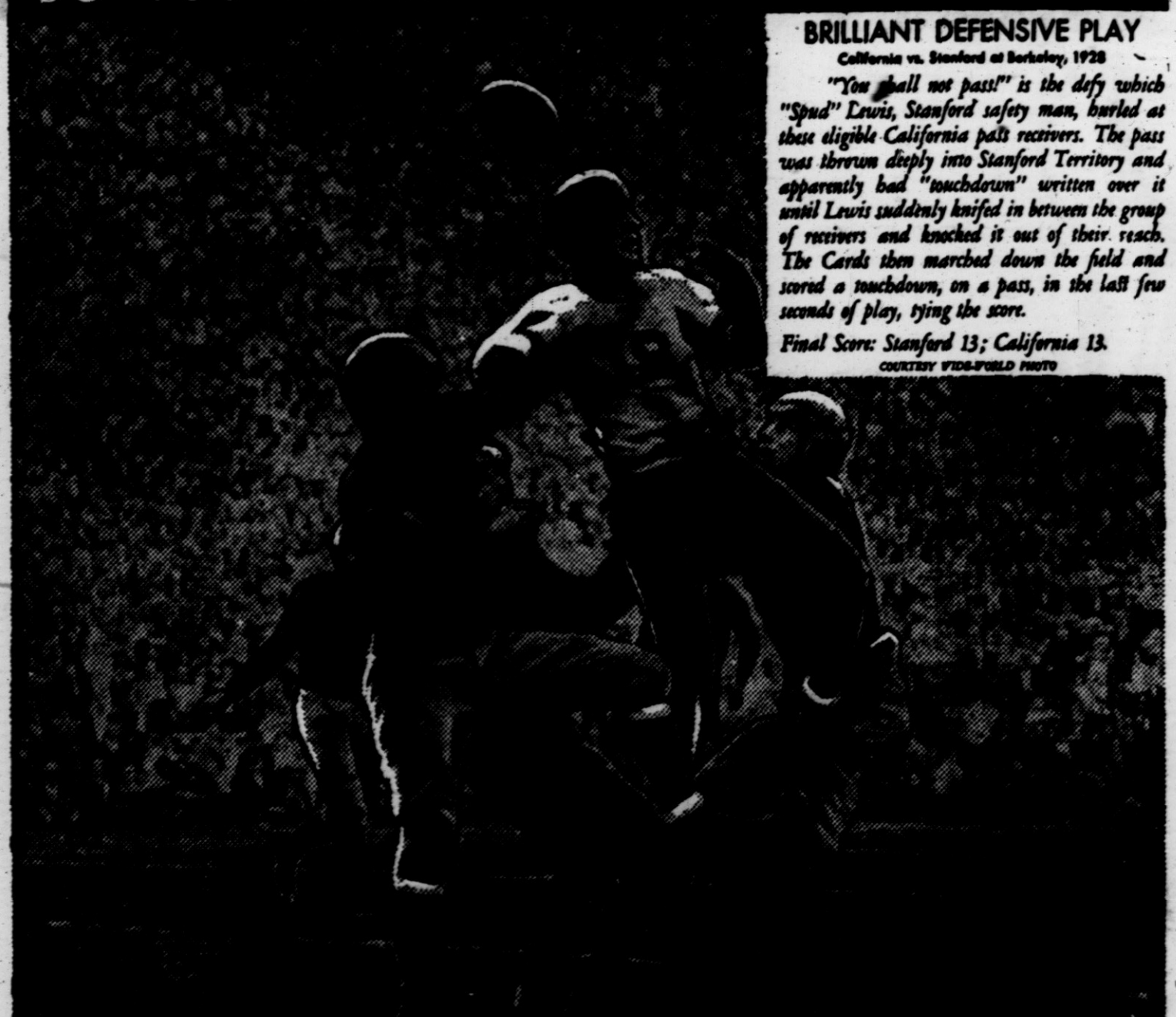

BRILLIANT DEFENSIVE PLAY

California vs. Stanford at Berkeley, 1928

"You shall not pass!" is the defy which "Spud" Lewis, Stanford safety man, hurled at these eligible California pass receivers. The pass was thrown deeply into Stanford Territory and apparently had "touchdown" written over it until Lewis suddenly knifed in between the group of receivers and knocked it out of their reach. The Cards then marched down the field and scored a touchdown, on a pass, in the last few seconds of play, tying the score.

Final Score: Stanford 13; California 13.

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